

ONE WOMAN.

Let the curtain fall
Over her pall—
That is all.

She had no glorious name;
Here was the humble fame
To live in solitude,
Unwrit, and there do good,
As women do
Whose lives are true,
Whose hearts are wrong
Whose nerves unstrung,
Who suffered every ill
And yet are still.

She watched the years
With her tears;
Her hands were ever stretched
To bless
Some one in greater wretched-
ness,
If such there were. She did not ask;
She only knew her task
And did it; not as any man—
Only as God and woman can.

Let the curtain fall
Over her pall—
That is all.

A FAIR HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Thirty years ago Philadelphia was not so densely populated with people and long rows of dwellings as we find to-day. Away to the north and west some houses were scattered here and there, but the parent city had not even signified its intention of stretching out its arms toward the little outlying suburbs, which now seem "part and parcel" of its motherhood.

In one of these little villages, easily reached by an 1891 cyclist, the principal architectural feature was the small Episcopal Church, just lofty enough to allow its tiny spire to emerge from the clump of surrounding trees. Near by was the rectory, a spacious house of quiet brown, with old-fashioned windows, having altogether a decided air of restful content, which was certainly suited to at least one of its occupants, namely, the Rev. Frank Seymour, the rector himself.

Please notice that I am careful to say one, for, in truth, the principal member in reality, if not in name, was "Miss Molly," or, more properly, Mary Wilhelmina Smith Seymour, which rather ugly name for a rather pretty girl was the legacy (with a couple of hundred a year) of an old spinster aunt to a somewhat ungrateful namesake.

"For," to quote the old housekeeper, "although Miss Molly was the minister's child, and a great big girl of 18, when she done up her hair, she ought to have put away childish things as the Good Book says, and begin to settle down."

But she didn't. She would turn up her skirts and run as fast as any village boy, and beat him too. She could get as many tears in her dress as any girl of 8. As to love, why she turned up her dainty nose at the idea of a "grande passion" with all the natural contempt of a girl of 18. "Like to see the man that was good enough for me to marry!" with a shrug that ended in a scornful laugh.

But "he laughs best who laughs last."

"Humpty dumpty sat on the wall;
Humpty dumpty had a great fall!"

A clear voice sang out on the lazy air at the top of its fresh youthful tones.

Perched on the top of the old gray wall that bounded the rectory garden on the south, dividing it from a small footpath which led into the village road beyond, sat "Miss Molly." To be sure the little path was used almost solely by the rectory folks themselves. This would not have made much difference to a young lady of independent habits, however. To sit day dreaming on top of that old gray wall, just within reach of the golden fruit of a time-honored peach tree, ah, this is Paradise!

And its Eve is a pretty one too. The sun tries to peep in between the leaves, and lights up all her golden, fluffy hair, like an aureole. A summer breeze fans her cheeks, not-brown from the kiss of wind and weather. Her big, brown eyes light up with good-natured, youthful appreciation, as she makes sundry vicious little bites into a rosy cheeked peach and sings the while:

"Humpty dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty dumpty had a great fall."

But alas! Miss Molly had miscalculated her security, and, instead of sitting on the old wall, half way between earth and sky, she finds herself in a more humble position on the lap of mother earth, with the blue skies staring at her farther off. She is on the wrong side of the wall, too, sitting in the middle of the foot path, and conscious of ominous little spasms of pain in her right foot every time she attempts to move.

"Of course, nobody will ever come along this old road, and like as not, if I do scream they'll think I'm only shamming, like the last time that caterpillar got down my back, and they'll never think of looking for me! Oh, dear me," and here she heaves a doleful sigh.

The unexpected always turns up. Down that very little path comes the sound of a manly whistle and the tramp of approaching feet. On onward they come, and their owner turns the corner of the wall, to find a lady young and pretty, too, sitting right in the middle of the road!

Poor, unlucky Miss Molly grows red with mortification, and essays to rise; but a faint cry of pain will force itself through the quivering lips. In spite of her heroic attempt at bravery.

"Fardon me," and Paul Hendricks is by her side immediately. "May I assist you? I am on my road to the rectory. I suppose that brown house there is it. If I can help you I shall be pleased to do so."

He is surprised to see a small brown hand stretched out and its owner say, "I am Molly Seymour, the rector's daughter. I suppose you are the son of papa's old friend."

"Paul Hendricks," the young man replies.

It is certainly a novel introduction there in the unused path. At the best to be found sitting in the middle of a dusty road and with a sprained ankle does not show one off to the best advantage, but still in this case it served to promote a feeling of good fellowship between the two, and finally, with the help of a strong arm, Molly is able to reach the rectory.

Four weeks have glided by. The old rector, with a weak attempt at entertaining his young guest, resigns him to his daughter saying: "Molly will take care of you and show you around. You'll get along all right together, now that you are a little acquainted." Then the old man goes back to his dusty books.

Solitary walks and talks in the old woods, and various fishing expeditions to the little brook, develop acquaintanceship, especially when Paul, at the same time that he taught Miss Molly the names and habits of various plants and flowers, managed to teach her another lesson, and, with the fish, was certainly attempting to catch better and worthier game.

By the gray wall, the old peach, on which hangs a few solitary golden balls, stretches its sheltering arms over the same Miss Molly. Did I say the same? Perhaps, and yet no! The old housekeeper says Miss Molly is not quite so chipper like, but thinks, as her old eyes follow her "lamb," there is not a sweeter nor bonnier maid than Miss Molly.

A pair of younger eyes, handsome, dark, tender eyes, are looking lovingly at the slim young figure and golden head of the young girl, lost in a day dream. The soft green grass dells the sound of coming footsteps, and it is not until his shadow falls across the sward that Molly looks up and blushes guiltily through the clear, healthy brown, betraying at least the prince in her day dream.

But why is it that her eyes shine so starry? and why is it that when Paul sees them glittering like two flowers wet with dew he says not a word, but just gathers "Miss Molly" close to his heart there under the old peach tree, which tosses its gnarled branches contentedly to and fro, while the old gray wall says never a word?

They have been married these many years, and the silver threads are beginning to show in Molly's hair. They live in Philadelphia proper now; perhaps some of my readers may guess their identity. A youthful Molly and Paul are growing up among the brick houses of the Quaker City, away from the green of country grass and the scent of the old-fashioned flowers. But they both know the story of "Humpty Dumpty" on the gray wall, where the golden fruit ripened on the old peach tree, but they do not exactly understand whether they are to believe their mother when she says:

"Their father need not think she was crying that day because he was going away," or their father when he retorts:

"What could I do when your mother literally threw herself at my feet?"—
Philo. Times.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF EVIL.

The Immense Results of Crime in One Family in New York.

In his curious study of the "Physiology of Evil," Dr. B. W. Richardson declares that the man of science finds two natural causes of evil in mankind—hereditary and early environment. The operation of these causes is made conspicuous in a novel investigation carried out by Professor Dugdale of New York, who has been able to trace one criminal family back to the time of the settlement of its first members in America. He has found that from this parent stock has sprung 1,200 descendants. The lives of 709 of these have been closely followed by Prof. Dugdale, the results of the investigation showing that not one of the 709 had escaped the contamination of evil or its consequences. His researches also show that the crimes of this one family have, during the last seventy-five years, cost the state of New York \$1,200,000. Those who are born bad, however, are not always incurable. Mr. Isaac Asa, president of the Central Criminal Asylum, Dublin, Ireland, has suggested that inherited tendencies to crime can be treated in the young by teaching useful occupations, which will call into play the faculties exercised in criminal acts. Thus, the child of a clever forger may be educated into an honest draughtsman; so may the children of several generations of pickpockets be taught clever handiwork, such as watch-making or other work requiring fingers unusually deft in their movements.—St. Louis Republic.

A Watch of Quartz.

The manager of a Chicago watch factory has a unique timepiece which has a case of transparent quartz.

The watch is not very large, is a stem-winder, and is said to be an excellent timekeeper. The works are built into the crystal case and to set the wheels in the hard quartz required considerable ingenuity. The holes were first accurately bored, and then the crystal was held over a flame so as to enlarge the holes with the expansive power of the heat. While in this condition the jewel was dropped into its place, and on the quartz cooling was firmly fixed.

The whole watch is transparent and shows the action of the running gear.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Such a Dazzle.

The Duc d'Aumale once went to the tent of the dashing Marbot during an African campaign, in which he received his thirtieth wound. The old baron was so indignant after this fashion: "To be a lieutenant-general, a baron of the empire, a peer of France, a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, have eighty thousand francs a year, and be hit by the ball of a filthy Kabyle who has not four sous in his pocket!"—Argonaut.

THE SHADOW.

In a bleak land and desolate,
Beyond the earth somewhere,
Went wandering through death's dark gate
A soul into the air.

And still as on and on it fled,
A wild waste region through,
Behind there fell the steady tread
Of one that did pursue.

At last he paused, and looked back;
And then he was aware
A hideous wretch stood in his track,
Deformed, and cowering there.

"And who art thou," he shrieked in fright,
"That dost my steps pursue?
Go; hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
Nor thus pollute my view!"

The soul form answered him: "Always
Along thy path I flee.
I'm thine own actions. Night and day
Still must I follow thee!"
—Minot Judson Savage.

913 AS BEST MAN.

Number 913 wasn't freckled and snub-nosed, and he wasn't altogether tough. Most messenger-boys are both. He used to swing his heels and wait for calls in District Messenger Station No. 67, West, which is up in a quiet part of the town, and where most of the calls are to private dwellings. Number 913 wasn't overworked, and put in considerable leisure thinking about the things that went on in the neighborhood. He knew how many times a day the pretty Irish maid in the first house on the side street shook the house-mats at the big policeman as he passed. He knew a lot more things, too. He knew that the pretty girl in the house had a lover, and that the mother and she were trying to keep the fact, for some reason, from the father.

Nine-thirteen knew that the father was kept out of the love affair by the way in which things were conducted. The old gentleman went off to his office each morning and returned about half-past four in the afternoon. Just at luncheon time each day, the young man would turn the corner briskly and dash up the steps.

Sometimes his trap would come up after luncheon, and the two young people and the mother would go for a drive in the park. Sometimes he came in his riding-clothes, and then she would come down the steps in her close, dark habit and silk hat and they would drive off together. Nine-thirteen was a little disappointed that they didn't have the horses brought to the door. He wanted to see Miss Mabel mount.

Occasionally they neither drove nor rode, but just went out for a little walk and sometimes they did none of these things, but sat in the house and talked. Once in a long while the old man didn't go down-town for the day, and Nine-thirteen never looked in vain on these days for a summons from the house, whence he was sure to carry a telegraph blank on which was written:

"Can not see you to-day. Will write.
To be sent to Frederic Brown-Romayne."
M. W.

One of these days had come. Nine-thirteen had answered the call and dispatched the telegram. A few minutes later, Miss Mabel came down the steps and walked toward the avenue, with a stout, grey-haired lady, who looked like Mrs. Wright, but who wasn't Mrs. Wright.

About twelve o'clock the door of District Messenger Station, No. 67, opened with a kind of dumb reverence to the impressive person of Mr. Horace Wright, broker. Taking a gold pen out of his pocket, he dipped it into the ink well, pulled a pad of blanks toward him and began to write. The telegraph operator was sitting at the instrument with his back toward the office. "Here, Clark," he called out to his assistant, "take this message down:"

"Nabel Wright, 21 East —th street. Something has happened. Must see you to-day. Wire me where and when."
F. R. B.

The words rang out loud and unmistakable, moving two persons to indiscreet and unusual behavior thereby. The stout old broker stopped in the midst of a scratch as he heard his daughter's name. As the words went on, he grew first purple, then ashen. He stood motionless while Clark wrote out the message. Then a large presence hovered at Clark's side and a large hand was laid on the paper. "I will take that, if you please," he said, and the operator looked up, saw Mr. Horace Wright, and slipped the telegram into an envelope.

When the message came in, Nine-thirteen was speculating how much a pair of patent-leathers like those the operator was wearing, must cost. When he heard the address of the message, he jumped to his feet like a cat.

"The blame fool!" he whispered, under his breath. Then he watched old Wright, as he always called him. Nine-thirteen hadn't been down to the bowery theaters for nothing. He knew the look meant mischief. His head whirled for a minute and his mouth was dry. He didn't know that his life had been cast along in prosaic lines until now, and this was a great tragedy. He sat down to think, and in a minute things got clear. "That blame fool!" he said again, under his breath, and yet up to that very hour the operator had been his hero. Old Wright meant mischief, that was sure, and Nine-thirteen saw Miss Mabel's pretty face wet with tears and heard hot words poured out before her and—something had got to be done, and he had got to do it.

"Well, she ain't ketchin' it this minute," quoth Nine-thirteen to himself; "she's away yet." Then he fell into deep thought for a minute. Suddenly he seized a sheet of paper and began to write. What he wrote he thrust into an envelope, stealthily directed it, and slipped it into his breast-pocket. Then he sat down again and seemed half-asleep for a few minutes.

When the clerk happened to be looking that way, Nine-thirteen jumped to his feet with a cry. "I forgot me old lady," he said, clapping his breast-pocket.

"What old lady?" said the clerk. "The old dame as gave me the letter," answered Nine-thirteen airily, pulling out the envelope; "she stopped me when I wuz goin' past de house dis mornin' an' told me to take dis, an' I put it in me pocket an' I forgot an' here it is." Nine-thirteen's hand was going into his trousers as he spoke. He pulled out coins, mostly nickels, amounting to fifty cents. The clerk was looking dubiously at the envelope. It was addressed to Harlem. "Dey ain't no answer, and here's de money," 913 said. The clerk's suspicions went down. He gave the boy a check and he darted off.

Not to Harlem, but straight down to the Equitable Building did he go as fast as the train would carry him. He gazed with lofty scorn at the buttoned office-boy. "I ain't doin' business wid you," he said, and pushing him aside, strode into the inner office, where he saw Mr. Frederic Brown-Romayne sitting at a big desk.

"De ol' man's on ter yer!" cried Nine-thirteen, breaking in upon him; "yer message come inter de station an' de blame fool read it out loud, an' ol' Wright wuz in dere an' heared it, an' tuk it off wid him, an' he'll give Miss Mabel hell!"

Young Brown-Romayne sat for a minute. "How have you come to know all this and why have you come to me now?" he asked.

Nine-thirteen looked sheepish. "I watched yer till I knew 'bout yer. I knowed de ol' man warn't in it, kase you never comed round wen he was dere, an' wen he come inter de office an' I seen he was on to yer. I come down to tell yer that de game wuz up, an' I done it 'cause—'cause—" Nine-thirteen paused; he wasn't used to psychological subtleties. "Miss Mabel, she's a corker," he added. And the remark was neither irreverent nor irrelevant.

Young Brown-Romayne saw the whole thing in a flash. He was a big, manly fellow, and he did just what he would have done if Nine-thirteen had been big and wore patent-leathers and a twice-around tie. He reached out and shook Nine-thirteen's grimy paw fervently. Then he said four words that bathed the soul of Nine-thirteen in bliss: "What shall we do?" he asked.

"If I wuz youze," answered Nine-thirteen, judiciously—and Brown-Romayne never smiled—"I'd git de bulge on de ole jav. I'd find Miss Mabel and get married 'fore I seen him agin."

A sudden light broke into the young man's eyes. "You say she went away with her aunt?"

"I ain't dead sure, but I t'ought it must be de case. She looked like Mrs. Wright," answered Nine-thirteen, carefully.

Brown-Romayne pulled out his watch. "It's two-thirty," he said; "her aunt lives in Brick Church. I fancy Mabel has gone there to spend the day with her. It's worth trying anyway. I'll do it. You're a brick, Nine-thirteen. I won't forget you." His hand moved toward his pocket.

"No," he said, suddenly, rising and closing his desk. "Come along; I may want you."

It was eight o'clock when Nine-thirteen went quietly into Station 67 that night, and, sitting down, swung his feet nonchalantly.

"Here, you Nine-thirteen, give an account of yourself," growled the clerk; "you've been away since one o'clock. Where in—have you been?"

"Been bein' bes' man to Miss Mabel Wright's wedding," answered Nine-thirteen, coolly, "an' I couldn't git back no sooner, 'cause de bes' man has to see de bridal couple off on deir wedding journey. Mine went to de Isle of Shoals." He volunteered magnanimously.—Evening Sun.

AT SCHOOL.

The Life of the Millionaire's Daughter at a Boarding School.

Even in schools that refuse to accept girls unless there is a reasonable chance of their getting through the year, it is not unusual for one third to be entered by their parents with the warning that their daughters are delicate and will need special consideration and watching—a warning in all probability followed by the request that they shall not be "bothered with mathematics." These weakly ones, if their mothers leave them alone, and if they themselves become interested in their work, by dint of three or four extra hours for rest and exercise, manage to hold out through the year, and frequently end it in improved health. But unless these two conditions are fulfilled they often fall by the way. Nervousness, backache, weakness, loss of appetite, generally follow soon upon the realization that school means work. A hard lesson to be mastered lays a girl low with a headache or dissolves her in floods of tears. Tears, indeed, especially during the first part of the year, are of daily downfall. Tears bedew knotty problems, tears greet the refusal to allow boxes of candy, tears fall copiously when overshadows are insisted upon and when short fur capes are declared insufficient covering for zealous weather. Moreover, let the fun run a bit too high, or a mischievous boy tap on the window in the evening, or a mouse suddenly appear, and only a dose of plain English and the valerian bottle prevent an epidemic of hysterics.—Charlotte W. Porter in the Forum.

A Collection of Fans.

The most celebrated collection of fans in the world is now in the print-room of the British museum. It was brought together by Lady Charlotte Sorbier, who presented the fans to the museum.

THE FARM AND HOME.

EXPERIMENTS MADE ON THE FEEDING OF HOGS.

The Value of Various Foods in the Growing of Hogs—Reducing the Milk—Raising Cattle—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

Feeding Hogs.

The following is a summary of experiments made by the Illinois experiment station at Champaign during the years 1888, 1889 and 1890:

In eight trials in which corn only was fed, aside from salt and coal slack, pigs varying in average weight from 55 to 290 pounds and kept in pens or small lots with grass, gaining at the rate of from 10.46 to 14.73 pounds per bushel, 56 pounds shell corn, the average gain being 12.36 pounds. The rate of gain for food eaten in proportion to weight decreased after four to six weeks feeding with corn only. The corn eaten per day varied from 8.41 pounds eaten by pigs averaging 55.58 pounds to 10.71 pounds, eaten by pigs weighing 311 pounds. The corn eaten per day per 100 pounds live weight varied from 1.95 pounds eaten by pigs fed 84 days and averaging 207 pounds in weight, to 5.19 pounds eaten by pigs averaging 65.58 pounds. In one case in the fourth week of pen feeding two pigs gained 3.21 pounds each per day—at the rate of 16.81 pounds per bushel of corn. This was the greatest gain per day and was also the best rate of gain in the trial. There seemed to be no constant relation between the weight of the pigs or the season of the year, and the food eaten or the gains made.

In four trials, pigs fed all they would eat of shelled corn with bluegrass pasture at 4.216.5 pounds of corn and gained 905 pounds, which was at the rate of 12.04 pounds gain per bushel of corn. Pigs under like conditions, except that they were fed but half as much corn, ate 2,190 pounds of corn and gained 505 pounds, which was at the rate of 12.93 pounds per bushel.

After periods varying from six to nine weeks, the pigs which had been fed on a half ration of corn on pasture were given a full feed of corn, the others being fed as before. In three trials lasting four or five weeks each, the pigs which had had a full feed of corn throughout ate 1,796 pounds of corn and gained 329 pounds, which was at the rate of 10.11 pounds per bushel. Those which had been fed a half feed of corn in the first part of the trials ate 2,075.5 pounds of corn in the second part gained 462.5 pounds which was at the rate of 12.5 pounds per bushel. Those fed corn only ate 1,634.5 pounds of corn and gained 224 pounds, which was at the rate of 7.44 pounds per bushel. In two trials pigs fed soaked corn ate more and gained more than those fed dry corn. In one trial they gained more and in one less in proportion to food eaten than those fed dry corn. The differences were not great in either case.

Two pigs in a two-acre pasture in which three yearling steers were fed corn, gained in 24 weeks 196 pounds. In a second trial two pigs with like conditions gained 231 pounds in 31 weeks. In neither case was the gain large. In each case the pigs at the close of the trial were in good condition for full feeding and made large gains when so fed.

A trial of apple pomace as food for pigs resulted unsatisfactorily. The pomace kept well; chemical analysis of it showed an apparently good composition for feeding purposes but the pigs ate very little of the pomace.

Sheep-Growing.

The average farmer of this country never has given sheep-growing the thought that he has given his cattle and horses; neither have the sheep as a rule been cared for in any degree equal to that of the horse and the cow. Some years a farmer will keep sheep, and other years he will not. Consequently but poor accommodations are provided for them. Barren hills and bush lots are considered by many as good enough for sheep pasture; and the open yard, with a shed or hovel to run under, plenty good enough for winter quarters, with clover hay (if they have it) or even timothy hay, or straw, all that will be needed for winter food, with perhaps no water provided at all. Now this looks like very poor provision for sheep, and yet hundreds of farmers all over the eastern and middle states keep sheep with no better accommodations and food than the case mentioned. These farmers generally live in a neighborhood where there are several enterprising farmers who keep sheep as they should be kept, and make money by so doing. Their neighbors soon discover this, and they conclude to go into it, and commence by purchasing a flock of anything that can be bought cheap, use any kind of a ram they can find, feed and care for them accordingly, and consequently have a dark side to report.—National Stockman.

It Is Not Always So.

A noted dairyman said recently: "I'd sell the best cow I ever had at eight years old. They are on the down hill after that." The investigation that followed showed that he labored with a cow good for beef, and milk. Sometimes one and sometimes the other, and when his cow beef was ready he was wise enough to sell it. He had it right! A good dairy cow that puts her food into the pail, and not on her ribs, grows better for years, and the oldish cows are, and have been, quite as profitable as the younger ones. If cows are fed and well cared for, and not compelled to be foragers in summer, and manure pile scavengers in winter, there is no reason why a good cow at 8 years may not be a good cow at 15. Now that succulent foods are largely the winter ration, the cow that is kept warm and comfortable in the stable, is valuable

for milk, and good milk, for years, and can be depended upon with far more certainty, now that she has proved herself a good cow, than can the heifer or boughten cow that is to supply her place. Keep the good generous milking cow as long as she is profitable, and then Christian-like, consign her to a bologna sausage factory, and use the feed that would be required to fatten her into one cent beef, to feed other cows, in milk, or take her to the woods and give her a respectable burial.—Ohio Farmer.

Reducing the Milk.

A most unprofitable plan with some short-sighted farmers is to milk the cows right up to the calving period. This is due to the fact that they think this practice is only detrimental to the calf. The fact is that the cow suffers as much as the calf, and the animal that is milked right up to the period of calving will inevitably be weak and feeble. The drying off should be begun two months before the calving period so that cows can have a period of rest before the strain on their systems taxes their strength to the utmost. The weakening of the cows by continuous milking makes them subject to all the diseases incident to calving. Milk fever is one of the greatest risks they run, and this generally carries off those that are large milkers, and that are milked right up to the last moment. Sudden changes in the system are always detrimental to man or beast, and sudden change in milking naturally produces weakness, and often disease.

The drying off should be begun in time so that it may be done gradually. The feeding should be reduced gradually until all grain food is denied them, and nothing but timothy hay is fed them. The milk should only be drawn partly out of the udders, and the very process of leaving some in will induce drying off. The quantity will gradually be reduced. A great many prefer to let the cow dry off naturally, trusting to nature to give the warning in time. This is a false idea. Milking tends to make the glands produce more milk, and many cows will not show any signs of drying off unless helped by reducing the feed and the milking.

Gradual drying off gives the cow a good rest, enables her to get tone and strength to her system. No sudden change is then effected, and the calves as well as the cows will be strong and healthy. Taking everything into consideration, judicious rest and gradual reduction of feed, and drying off, makes the strong calf, and perpetuates the strength and good qualities of the cow.—E. P. Smith in American Cultivator.

Manure.

"Fire-fanged" manure is worth more, pound for pound, than it was before the fanging took place. The result of fanging is to drive water out of the pile. Some ammonia may be lost, but not much. It can have no effect on the potash and phosphoric acid, except perhaps to make them more readily available. Fire-fanged manure is worth more per ton than fresh or wet manure. Remember that in buying manure.

Home Hints.

The juice of a lemon rubbed over the kitchen table removes all grease.

If camphor gum is placed with silver, it will prevent the ware from tarnishing.

Place a few nails or old steel pens in the writing ink, and then the pens in daily use will not corrode.

To keep garden walks clean, sprinkle with weak brine through a water sprinkler or scatter coarse salt along the walks.

To remove berry stains from paper, books, etc., hold a lighted brimstone match close to them and the fumes remove the stains.

When hot grease is spilled on the floor, pour cold water on it immediately, to prevent it from striking into the boards; then scrape it up.

To fill unsightly nail holes in the walls, take one part plaster of paris and three parts of fine sand; mix with cold water and apply with a case-knife.

Never let the whites of eggs stand during the boiling process, even for a moment, as they return to a liquid state and cannot be restored, thus making the cake heavy.

Pure air and sunshine are nature's health-givers, and care should be taken to admit them liberally into every room. Give your children plenty of both, indoors and out.

The best and easiest method of removing mildew is to place the articles in a warm [not hot] oven for several minutes, when the moisture of the mildew will have evaporated and may be brushed off.

Farm Notes.

A very little feed when it is needed, will often make the difference between profit and loss.

Stock maintain their heat by slow combustion within their bodies, for which food is the fuel.

Regularity in feeding animals is necessary to their thrift, and especially so with fattening stock.

It is not advisable to have young, growing stock fat, but very necessary to keep them in a thrifty condition.

One of the principal advantages in cutting or grinding feed is that there is a very small per cent of waste in feeding.

Sheep will not thrive well if they are crowded into too close quarters. Give them room enough at least to be comfortable.

Farming is the grandest occupation on the face of God's earth. But it only pays well when you work the soil deeper than the face.

In feeding stock for market there is money. No one can afford to feed any class of animals except by forcing them from the start. Good flavored food is necessary in order to procure good flavored butter. A sharp competition at a Maine fair, was once decided in favor of a young dairyman who, it was subsequently learned, had picked bright clover heads each day for the pet Jersey that was giving the milk. The extra labor for soiling cows has been shown to call for no more than one stout boy, and a one-horse mow and wagon for two hours for thirty cows. About 3 cents a day for each cow. The increased milk on thirty cows has been shown to be over 100 quarts. The saving of manure more than pays all this cost.